





## For Sale.

**MacEwen, Frickel & Co.**  
VICTORIA EXCHANGE,  
QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

# **HAVE FOR SALE** THE FOLLOWING **STORES.**

York HAMS.  
Roll BUTTER.  
Tobacco BUTTER.  
French BUTTER.  
Egg's COCOA.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.  
Flemish TONGUES.  
MACKEREL in Oil Tins.  
RAISINS and CURRANTS.  
Crystallized FRUITS.  
SAVORY & MOORE'S New Infant FOOD.  
BARNES & Co.'s JAMS.  
Potted MEATS.  
FAT DE FOIS GRAS.  
Swiss MILK.

**BORDEN'S**  
CONDENSED MILK.  
COOKING STOVES.  
KEROSENE LAMPS.  
WINES, &c.

GILBEY'S Sparkling SAUMUR, Fia. & Qls.  
SADDON'S MANZANILLA.  
SADDON'S Old Invalid PORT.  
Old Bourbon WHISKY.  
BONNIE'S Old Irish WHISKY.  
Royal Glenlivet WHISKY.  
MARSALE.

&c., &c., &c.

THE USUAL ASSORTMENT

**OILMAN'S STORES,**

at the

Lowest Possible Prices

FOR CASH.

**MacEwen, Frickel & Co.**

Hongkong, February 10, 1886. 280

## FOR SALE.

**ORANGEHURST—MOUNT GOUGH.**

THIS desirable RESIDENCE is situated on one of the very best positions on the whole hill-side, and there is Room for additional building.

The House is very strongly built—partly of concrete blocks, and partly of bricks on granite basement. It contains Seven Rooms, besides Dressing-rooms, Bath-rooms, etc., and Two Drying-rooms. The front Verandah is more than usually spacious, and the House as at present, is enlarged as it might easily be—suitable for a Summer Club or Hotel. There are Two Lawn Tennis Courts—one in chum and one in grass.

Possession may be had by arrangement—and the Furniture if desired may be taken at a valuation. Two-thirds of the Purchase Money may remain on Mortgage at 7%.

For further Particulars, apply to

**LANE, CRAWFORD & Co.**

Hongkong, May 18, 1886. 988

## NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES.

**BEN LINE OF STEAMERS.**

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

FROM ANTWERP, LONDON AND SINGAPORE.

THE Steamship *Benelux*, Capt. J. Ross, having arrived from the above Ports, Consignees of Cargo are hereby requested to send in their Bills of Lading for their Goods to the Undersigned for countersignature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods from alongside. Consignees of NAIROBI IRON are particularly requested to take delivery from Steamer IN THEIR OWN BOATS, failing which the Captain will not be responsible for any mixing of different lots that may arise from otherwise discharging same.

The Steamer is berthed at the KOW-LOON PIERS, and any Cargo impeding her discharge will be landed into Godowns there and stored at Consignees' risk and expense.

Optional Cargo will be forwarded on, unless notice to the contrary be given before Noon to-morrow, the 9th instant.

No Claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all Goods remaining after the 16th instant will be subject to rent. All Claims must reach us before 4 p.m. of the 18th instant, or they will not be recognized.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

**GIBB, LIVINGSTON & Co.,**

Hongkong, June 8, 1886. 1123

**COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.**

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

CONSIGNEES of the following Cargo are requested to send in their Bills of Lading to the Undersigned for countersignature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods from alongside. This Cargo has been landed and stored at their risk and expense.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

By Arr.

APP (in para.) 5119/5113—2 cases Soap, consigned to Order, from London.

**G. DE CHAMPEAUX,**

Hongkong, June 4, 1886. 1100

## To-day's Advertisements.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**  
CITY HALL, HONGKONG.  
FOR A SHORT SEASON ONLY!

**GRAND REMENYI CONCERTS.**  
Commencing  
**TUESDAY NEXT,**  
the 15th June.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE W. H. MARSH, C.M.G., Acting Governor of Hongkong.

The World renowned and incomparable Musical Virtuoso.  
**EDOUARD REMENYI.**  
EDOUARD REMENYI.  
EDOUARD REMENYI.

The 'Last' of the Violin.  
Late Solo Violinist to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and at present Solo Violinist to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

Assisted by the Celebrated Prima Donna,  
SIGNORINA LOUISA MARCHETTI.  
SIGNORINA LOUISA MARCHETTI.  
AND  
MR. ISIDORE LUCKSTONE.  
MR. ISIDORE LUCKSTONE.  
(Solo Pianist).

The whole forming the most Powerful Musical Combination that has ever appeared in the Far East.

**REMENYI,**  
whose execution is brilliant, and marvellous in its correctness; the quality of tone which he produces is SENSUOUS and ENTICING. In accomplishing technical effects he is a PRODIGY, and no one can form any opinion of his mastery of 'The King of Instruments,' not even if they give full scope to their imagination, until they see him **BOW AND VIOLIN** IN HAND.

During M. REMENYI'S absence from Europe, he has appeared throughout the length and breadth of America, Australia, New Zealand, Java, British India, Burma, &c., &c., causing everywhere a most profound sensation throughout the Musical and Art Circles.

Press and Public with one accord pronounced him **ONE OF THE GREATEST MUSICAL GENIUSES THAT HAS EVER APPEARED.**

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle ..... \$3.00

Stalls ..... 2.00

Back Seats ..... 1.00

Navy and Military in Uniform half price to Second and Back Seats.

Plan of Hall now open at Messrs KELLY & WILSON'S, LAMBERT, where Seats may be secured.

Manager.....FRANK WESTON.

Agent.....J. J. FOSTER.

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1152

## UNION LINE.

FROM LONDON, PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

THE Steamship *Ephraim*, Captain MITCHELL, having arrived from the above Ports, Consignees of Cargo are hereby requested to send in their Bills of Lading to the Undersigned for countersignature, and to take immediate delivery of their Goods from alongside.

Cargo impeding the discharge of the Steamer will be landed and stored at Consignees' risk and expense, and no Fire Insurance will be effected.

Optional Cargo will be forwarded on to Japan, unless notice to the contrary be given before 5 p.m. to-day, the 12th inst.

All Claims against the Steamer must be presented to the Undersigned on or before the 22nd instant, or they will not be recognized.

**RUSSELL & Co.,**

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1153

## UNION LINE.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND KOBE.

The Steamship

*Oryzopsis*, Captain JONES, will be dispatched for the above Ports on WEDNESDAY, the 16th instant, at 3 p.m.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

**RUSSELL & Co.,**

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1153

## To-day's Advertisements.

**OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
FOR SHANGHAI VIA AMOY.  
(Taking Cargo & Passengers at through rates for NINGPO, CHEFOO, NEW CHEWANG, TIENTSIN, HANKOW and Ports on the YANGTZE.)

The Co.'s Steamship *Orizaba*, Capt. HUTCHINGS, will be dispatched at 3 p.m. on SATURDAY, the 19th instant.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,**

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1154

## U. S. MAIL LINE.

PAIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THROUGH TO NEW YORK, VIA OVERLAND RAILWAYS, AND TOUCHING AT YOKOHAMA, AND SAN FRANCISCO.

THE U. S. Mail Steamship *CITY OF PEKING* will be dispatched for San Francisco, via Yokohama, on SATURDAY, the 3rd July, at 3 p.m., taking Passengers and Freight for Japan, the United States, and Europe.

Through Bills of Lading issued for transportation to Yokohama and other Japan Ports, to San Francisco, Atlantic and Indian Oceans of the United States, via Overland Railways, to Havana, Trinidad, and Demerara, and to ports in Mexico, Central and South America, by the Company's and connecting Steamers.

Through Passage Tickets granted to England, France, and Germany by all trans-Atlantic lines of Steamers of the Company.

Passengers—Passengers, who have paid full fare, re-embarking at San Francisco for China or Japan (or vice versa) within six months, will be allowed a discount of 20% from Return Fare; if re-embarking within one year, an allowance of 10% will be made from Return Fare. Free-Fair-Return Passage Orders, available for one year, will be issued at a Discount of 25% from Return Fare. These allowances do not apply to through fares from China and Japan to Europe.

Freight will be received on board until 4 p.m. the day previous to sailing. Parcel Packages will be received at the office until 5 p.m., same day; all Parcel Packages should be marked to address in full; value of same is required.

Consular Invoices to accompany Cargo destined to ports beyond San Francisco should be sent to the Company's Office in Sealed Envelopes, addressed to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco.

For further information as to Passage and Freight, apply to the Agency of the Company, No. 504, Queen's Road Central.

**O. D. HARMAN,**

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1155

## Not Responsible for Debts.

Neither the Captain, the Agents, nor Owners will be Responsible for any Debt contracted by the Officers or Crew of the following Vessels, during their stay in Hongkong Harbour:

**ABER CRYSTAL**, American barque, Capt. B. O. Pondolito.—Order.

**ALFRED WATTS**, American ship, Capt. H. A. Hyler.—Douglas Lepark & Co.

**ALMA ROSE**, Hawian brig, Captain J. Phillips.—Captain.

**ALMA**, German barque, Capt. R. Alberts.—Melchers & Co.

**BORVIG**, Norwegian barque, Captain C. Hennrichsen.—Tong Sang Wo.

**CHARLES DENNIS**, American ship, Capt. L. Allen.—Order.

**F. H. SPENCE**, British barque, Captain J. H. Gill.—Order.

**F. H. DREWES**, German barque, Capt. A. H. Rothbart.—Captain.

**FRED. P. LUTHEFELD**, American barque, Capt. L. B. Biddle.—Order.

**GEORGINA**, British ship, Capt. R. F. Denman.—Melchers & Co.

**HALLOWEEN**, British ship, Captain R. F. Doughty.—Russell & Co.

**HELVETIA**, American ship, Capt. G. J. D. Pennington.—Adams, Bell & Co.

**JOHN M. BLAKE**, British ship, Capt. D. F. Faulkner.—Melchers & Co.

**LEONORA**, Austro-Hungarian ship, Capt. G. Moreau.—Melchers & Co.

**LOANDA**, British ship, Capt. A. J. Scott.—Butterfield & Swire.

**LOUISA**, American ship, Captain Dillon.—Melchers & Co.

**PORT JACKSON**, British steamer, Capt. G. R. Huddy.—Adams, Bell & Co.

**WANDERING MISTRESS**, Br. barkentine, Capt. Hudea.—Arnhold, Karberg & Co.

Hongkong, June 12, 1886. 1155

## S LARK LIST.—QUOTATIONS.

JUNE 12, 1886.

Stocks.

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Corp. 90,000 125 1/2 125 1/2

North-China Insurance Co., Ltd. 5,000 200 1/2 200 1/2

Yongtze Insurance Company, Ltd. 5,000 20 1/2 20 1/2

Union Insurance Society Co., Ltd. 10,000 250 1/2 250 1/2

China Traders' Insurance Co., Ltd. 24,000 53 3/4 53 3/4

Canton Insurance Office Co., Ltd. 10,000 250 1/2 250 1/2

Chinese Insurance Co., Limited. 1,500 1,000 1/2 1,000 1/2

Hongkong Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. 3,000 28 1/2 28 1/2

China Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. 20,000 100 1/2 100 1/2

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES.

H.K. & M. Steamship Co., Ltd. 8,000 300 1/2 300 1/2

Douglas Steamship Co., Limited. 20,000 50 1/2 50 1/2

Indo-China S. N. Company, Limited. 18,387 10 1/2 10 1/2

60,000 shares issued. 31,212 10 1/2 10 1/2

China and Manila S. S. Co., Ltd. 9,500 100 1/2 100 1/2

MISCELLANEOUS.

H.K. and China Gas Co., Ltd. 12,500 12 1/2 12 1/2

H.K. and China Gas Co., Ltd. 1,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Hongkong Hotel Company, Ltd. 3,000 100 1/2 100 1/2

8,000 shares issued. 1,000 100 1/2 100 1/2

China Sugar Company, Limited. 9,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Hongkong Ice Company, Limited. 5,000 25 1/2 25 1/2

Hongkong Bakery Company, Ltd. 5,000 50 1/2 50 1/2

Loon Sugar Company, Limited. 5,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Park Tin Mining & Smelting Co., Ltd. 5,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Selwyn Tin Mining Co. (S'hai). 5,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Panjin & Sunghie Tea Siaman. 40,000 10 1/2 10 1/2

Mining Co. 4,000 50 1/2 50 1/2

H.K. and M. Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 3,000 50 1/2 50 1/2

H. & M. Glass Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 4,000 50 1/2 50 1/2

LOANS.

Chinese Imperial 1881 5,565 50 1/2 50 1/2

" " 1882 2,790 50 1/2 50 1/2

" " 1883 2,790 50 1/2 50 1/2

" " 1884 3,189 50 1/2 50 1/2

Chinese Imp. (Ch. Bank Loan) 1885 2,790 50 1/2 50 1/2

S. S. Debenture 1880 600 50 1/2 50 1/2

First year Payable. 10 1/2 10 1/2

June 15 10 1/2 10 1/2

Oct. 15 10 1/2 10 1/2

Jan. 15 10 1/2 10 1/2

June 15 10 1/2 10 1/2

## SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

June 11, 1886.

Mongkut, British steamer, 8,800 P. H. Loff, Bangkok June 5, Rice and General.

Yuen Fat Hwa.

June 12.

Kut Sang, British steamer, from Whampoa.

Zafiro, British steamer, 675, R. M. Talbot, Manila June 9, General.—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.

Haiphong, British steamer, 1,122, S. Ashton, Fouchow June 9, Amoy 10, and Swatow 11, General.—DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP CO.

Leonora, Austro-Hungarian ship, 1,418, Moreau, Nagasaki May 29, Coal.—Melchers & Co.

Swatow, British steamer, 704, G. H. Glasen, Shanghai via Amoy, and Swatow June 11, General.—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.

Benedi, British steamer, 1,000, R. Farquhar, Saigon June 7, Rice.—Gins, Livingston & Co.

Euphrates, British steamer, 1,300, John Mitchell, London April 1, and Singapore June 9, General.—RUSSELL & Co.

Antonio, British steamer, from Whampoa.

Fuchun, Chinese steamer, 1,504, A. Cross, Shanghai June 9, General.—O. M. S. N. Co.

Oasis, American ship, 1,050, Capt. Callaghan, New York January 13, Fouchow, Amoy, and Swatow.

DEPARTURES.

June 12.

Quartz, for Chefoo and Newchwang.

Euphrates, for Singapore.

Peking, for Shanghai.

Fuchun, for Whampoa.

Swatow, for Whampoa.

Venice, for Singapore.

Taiyang, for Singapore and Calcutta.

Kut Sang, for Shanghai.

Yuen Fat Hwa, for Swatow.

Starbuck, for San Francisco.

Yorimoto Maru, for Kuchino.

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Yorimoto Maru,



Relying on these assurances, for a time the Chamber remained inactive, always hoping that a start would be made on the work soon. Nothing, however, was done, and then came the tantalizing announcement that the removal of the Canton barriers would not be attempted for the present. At first we were disinclined to believe this report, and preferred to give credence to the more encouraging report that the work would be commenced immediately, but from the fact that further representations have been asked for from the Chamber by the British representative, we are forced to conclude that the unsatisfactory report has the better foundation. The Chamber, therefore, is compelled to seek some other means of obtaining redress of this grievance, and a visit to the Viceroy of Canton might effect more in a few days than representations to Peking would do in six months. At least this would be worth a trial.

The London Daily News, commenting on the decision of the Council of the National Liberal Federation, approving of Mr. Gladstone's Scheme for Home Rule, says:—

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the decision at which the Council of the National Liberal Federation yesterday arrived. The Federation is a body thoroughly representative of the Irish body throughout the country, not of any section or section of it. The officers of the Association, no doubt desiring to secure the utmost possible appearance of unity, had prepared a somewhat vague and colourless resolution, which recognized in the Government of Ireland Bill only the 'foundations' of a settlement, and suggested such alterations as would uphold the authority of the Imperial Parliament, and the principle of connecting representation with taxation. The resolution further expressed confidence in the Prime Minister, and would have been on the whole favourable to the Government. But it would also have been open to some misapprehension, and the amendment proposed by Mr. John Ellis, member for the Rushcliffe Division of Nottinghamshire, the meeting declared that the time has come for the permanent settlement of the Irish problem, and that the principle of self-government should be applied to the whole of Ireland. Bill of the Prime Minister offered the means for such a solution of the difficulty." It went on to thank Mr. Gladstone for his measure, to express unabated confidence in the Government over which he presides, and to assure the Government of its earnest support for the original amendment. The amendment was carried by a very large majority, only about fifty voting for the official proposal. Such a result must materially strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands in dealing with the important task before him.

So far as the House of Commons is concerned, of course, this decision has not strengthened Mr. Gladstone's hands; but it must have undoubtedly encouraged him to make an appeal to the country on this question. About 600 members were present at the meeting, and if only 50 out of that number voted against the resolution, it may be safely assumed that the disapproval of the measure is not so prevalent among the Liberals outside the House of Commons as it is inside.

R.M.S. *Atreos*, Commander C. P. G. Hicks, R.N., left Amoy on the 5th instant for Foochow.

The S.S. *Glasgow*, with the first tea shipment for Foochow of the present season, left the Anchorage on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at 7.40 a.m., and passed Sharp Peak point at 9.40 a.m. for London, with a full cargo of 3,428,577 lbs. tea. The S.S. *Ching Wo*, also for London, left the Anchorage on the 4th inst., at 10.50 a.m., with a cargo of 3,015,007 lbs. tea.—*Foochow Echo*.

Tea following charters were effected in Amoy during the fortnight ending the 8th June:—  
Siberia, 3,500 piculs, Taiwanfo Ningpo, 21 lay days, \$1,000.  
Sas, 2,200 piculs, Foochow Tamsui, 16 lay days, \$1,000.  
Hankow, 2,500 piculs, Keelung and back, 16 lay days, \$950.

The *Foochow Echo* of the 5th instant says:—  
"The coal famine mentioned in our issue of the 8th ultimo, which is about to be worked by the Chinese officials, has not according to reports turned out to be as well developed, for the handful of coal we have seen does not burn at all. Of course, we are unable to tell whether the sample produced is taken from the surface or bottom of the pit. It is also reported that there are several more pits at some distance from the present one, and that searching for better sort of coal is still going on."

Tax Saviour correspondent of the *Amoy Gazette*, writing on the 4th June, says:—  
News having been received from the North to put a tax on rice, it has caused quite a commotion in native circles. The rice dealers, and those who sell them, are going to erect barriers and cook rice for the poorer classes, on whom the new tax will press the heaviest.

The tax on rice is no new thing, as some years ago the Officials at Ningpo attempted to put a tax on it, but the populace rose and compelled them to withdraw the obnoxious tax.

Messrs Routledge and Son have just published a little volume entitled "The Shrine of Death, and other Stories," by Lady Dillke. The following is the brief preface:—"The fate which dog the heads of men through life, and lead them to the gates of hell, is often a mere trivial matter of course into the account they bear to their avenging hands. The weak are taken captive, and sit in chains, resigned or repining; the strong make war and thereby grow stronger. For out of circumstances, weakness and strength both breed their own consequences. To these we say, 'Learn from the sufferer, and without doubt there shall be help of the Lord.' To these, 'Endure and fight, so, at the last, there shall be peace. There is no rest without folly; nor any victory, except to those who make them ready to battle.' Of these the fortunes of a man, success or failure, given or snatched, are but a mere trifling of the great drama of life, through which we pass, and which, though it is the great distinction, the supreme justification of a life. Thus, when in the sight of the man, there seems to be, and there is, a picture taken for misery, the very

declares that they have their reward, and are sealed with the seal of a great redemption."

#### 'FRAGRANT WATERS' MURMUR.

That Typhoons have once more started on their travels, and the hoisting of red drums has begun.

That so long as they get blown out to sea, and only make our atmosphere less sultry, the anxious anticipations they cause may be forgiven.

That my particular friend Dr Daberk, the meteorologist of Hongkong and the East, is on the war path.

That he seems to have been on the same path more or less ever since the light of his countenance was first shed upon the denizens of these latitudes.

That this is neither here nor there.

That at the same time if suggestions are made regarding this official and his work, he has only himself to thank, as his elaborate verification of Unifilar Magnetometer No. 55 (published in the *Gazette* at considerable expense) might have been sent to the Astronomer Royal or some Scientific Society, as it won't go down in a mercantile community.

That a general idea prevails that Hongkong residents are taxed for the worthy Doctor and the Observatory, and that this institution (if not the Doctor) was established especially for meteorological work.

That there has been little or nothing new in the outcome of the Doctor's labours, unless it be the estimate he gives by percentages of his labours and those of his staff.

That the practical achievements of Burdwood, Davis and others make shipmasters almost independent of the small periodical change in the variation of the needle in Hongkong, and most of them are able to find it for themselves, near enough at least for all practical purposes, while few of our skippers will trouble the Doctor to adjust their compasses.

That from a scientific point of view the value of the Doctor's observations may be very great, but practical results come first, and these might have been produced without an extra clerk.

That the next thing asked for may be a vote for a clerk to further the observation and study of the moon's composition by spectrum analysis, and to elaborate the theory of green cheese.

That the worthy Doctor might render a practical service to seafaring men here by erecting or defining permanent Bearing Marks (true or magnetic) for North, South, East, and West.

That poles would do, so that the expense to Government need not be very great.

That with such Bearing Marks ships could, in the event of overcast skies, get sufficient information to prevent compasses from playing tricks, while this simple expedient would also prove useful to iron ships that have lain long at the Docks and then have to leave in cloudy weather.

That Luke no charge to the Doctor for this valuable suggestion.

That the Report on the Cargo Boats affair has not yet seen the light.

That the practice of using dynamite for killing fish is becoming very prevalent among the Chinese and should be put down with a strong hand.

That the Chinese must be taught that offenders and retaining walls are not fish, but most valuable property.

That if peaceful citizens are to be staked with swords in the public streets and the outcasts get off scot free, it is about time we had an Army Act for natives, while the 'out' should also be promptly brought to bear on Celestial desperadoes.

That the velvet-paw policy towards native rascals is a capital mistake.

That the Trials are believed to be more rampant than ever, while the Government hesitates and folds back.

That the Postmaster-General should take the hint, and endeavor to extract some postage from the Chinese.

That the Native Post-Office Farm looks to be the easiest solution of the difficulty.

That Chinese newspapers appear to be making their way, the Tientsin Times, even although under foreign control, bringing the Fourth Estate very near to the city of the Son of Heaven.

That, after the display made by the 'lame ducks' of the British fleet, it is comforting to know that some good ships are coming soon.

That Remeny, according to all accounts, is a wonderful performer on the violin.

That the new Masonic Club is progressing, and will probably be ready by the end of the year.

That the sweet tones of the Peak Church bell have not yet been heard among the mountain peaks, but that the Bishop's appeal for funds has been issued.

That the landmark of the old Roman Catholic Cathedral is fast disappearing under the busy fingers of native workmen.

That the promised burst of aquatic spirit is somewhat unusual at this season of the year, but that it is hoped the rowers will be none the worse for their half-mile spin.

That a valuable discovery of limestone is said to have been made on this island by a Government servant, but that it is doubtful whether the Surveyor General will see his way to reduce the cost of the concrete for the Talam Dam.

That local geologists say that the end of a mine's net, but that valuable beds of limestone are alleged to exist in Mirs Bay.

That the Chamber of Commerce continues to wrestle against heavy odds with brooding guns that don't arrive and with obstructions to navigation in the Canton River which don't get cleared.

That all the world of Hongkong wonders what progress is being made with the Lazaretto on Stonecutter's Island.

That your notion of getting all sorts and conditions of public servants to forgo private emoluments is all right in theory, but—you know the rest.

That as the contractor who tried to build a sea-wall in Causeway Bay did not succeed very well, he had better try again.

#### Serious Rioting in Hongkong.

Two rather serious riots occurred in the Western and Central districts yesterday afternoon and evening. The first riots arose out of a dispute between two different sections of the Triad Society. One section is bent on levying a tax of 30 cents on each coolie who leaves for the Straits Settlements and another section seems bent on strenuously resisting this charge. The first symptoms of coming fights were observed on board the steamer *Eggen*, where a company of the opposition party were endeavouring to disperse coolies from paying the tax. From the steamer the party having been reined out to the number of 40 or 50 from Tapingai, attacked a boarding house in Praya West, a little on this side of the P. & O. Wharf.

A free fight then ensued between the two sections, and a large crowd collecting there were elements for a big row. Some Jungs were on the scene, and in trying to separate the parties, two of their number got so badly handled that they had to be removed to the Hospital. On reinforcement of police appearing, however, the attacking party took to their heels, and about twenty of their opponents, who had retreated to the houses, were captured. Among the prisoners, however, it is supposed, there are some of both parties and the police will have great trouble in separating the sheep from the goats, or to speak more correctly, the one class of go from the other. The twenty men were brought before Mr. Mitchell-Jones this morning at the Police Court, but no evidence was taken, the trial being adjourned till Thursday.

But by far the more serious riot was the one that occurred later on in the evening at eight o'clock. A shopman named Lo Aluk had received solicitations to join the Triad society, but had refused to have anything to do with it. At last he was threatened that if he did not comply he would be sent to the Hospital. The Triad Society sent a body of about 100 men armed with fighting poles and short swords. These men attacked the house, and not being able to get at the shopkeeper, wreaked their vengeance on one of the inmates, whom they stabbed in the back and thigh, and the wound in the back having the appearance as if the whole of the back had been cut off. Information had meantime been lodged at the Central Station by the shopkeeper himself, who had escaped from the duties of the men; and a body of police accompanied him to the scene of the disturbance. On the appearance of the police the crowd scattered, but a few were arrested. The police then entered the house, and found four men hiding beneath the bed. These, with one much trouble, they managed to get out, and one of them was arrested. The other three were released, but the man who was arrested was taken to the Hospital. The man who was arrested was taken to the Hospital.

By the Bunch—Lo Aluk said in Chinese to him in the house "There are some of the men who have been fighting."

P.O. Gillies, said with four or five men, who were taken to the Hospital. Lo Aluk was in the charge room making a complaint to Inspector Matheson. Lo Aluk went along with them and pointed out that the men were in No. 6. The front door was locked and they could not get in by it. They then went to the side door and found it open. The four men who were arrested were taken to the Hospital. The man who was arrested was taken to the Hospital.

On examination—The door was fastened from the inside so as to prevent anyone entering. They tried to break into the house, but were unable to do so. The police then entered the house, and found four men hiding beneath the bed. These, with one much trouble, they managed to get out, and one of them was arrested. The other three were released, but the man who was arrested was taken to the Hospital.

P.O. Dundas Macdonald said—He went down with P. C. 17 and 15 and Lo Aluk to No. 6 Gough Street. The complainant pointed to No. 6. They tried to get in at the front door but could not manage it. The complainant then took them to the side door, and he thought it was No. 21 Gough Street. It was a thin door which one man could easily knock in. The complainant went in with him and pointed out the seven men who were in the house. These seven men were trying to hide themselves.

P.O. McNab, No. 7 said—He was on duty at the Police Court. He was told by the complainant that the seven men were in the house. He went to the house, and found the seven men who were in the house. These seven men were trying to hide themselves.

On examination—He had no want for entering the house. When he went to Gough Street he saw people running about. It was quite possible that those who had been fighting might have hid themselves in the crowd. Those in the house did not offer any resistance to the police. He found four men hidden beneath the bed. He could not get into the house. He found the seven men who were in the house. These seven men were trying to hide themselves.

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the affair a longer time than six days, we fear, be required. The following is the evidence taken at the trial of the fourteen men this afternoon:—

The fourteen men were tried before Mr. Mitchell-Jones at the Police Court in the afternoon. The men were charged with the offence of being concerned in a riot. The men were charged with the offence of being concerned in a riot.

Duncan Macdonald, P.O. No. 15, said—Yesterday a report was made to him about 7.30 that there was a fight taking place at Gough Street. He got the information from Inspector Matheson. He went to the house, and found the seven men who were in the house. These seven men were trying to hide themselves.

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complainant. There were five men altogether arrested. The four who were arrested handed over to the last witness.

P.O. J. Bowland, said he went with the last two witnesses. He arrested No. 3. He found him in a top loft with nothing but his trousers on.

P.O. George Murray said he went with Lo Aluk to No. 21. He found a man in a top loft with nothing but his trousers on. He arrested No. 21. He found him in a top loft with nothing but his trousers on.

P.O. 153 said he went to No. 21 Gough Street. He arrested No. 12 and 13. He found them in a top loft with nothing but their trousers on. He arrested No. 12 and 13.

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Hankow, and shortly before the *Meefoo* arrived at Chinkiang it was discovered that a lot of his luggage, containing a good deal of money, besides his mandarin clothing and other valuables, had been stolen. Numerous complaints were made to the General in charge of the disembarked soldiers, by some of the latter, that a great deal of money had been stolen. Each of these two thousand 'braves' is said to have had between ten and twenty millions in his possession, the amount with which they were paid off. Enquiries were made which led to the discovery of some of the thieves, and part of the Viceroy's luggage was found in the fore-hold, where the passengers who were taken on board in Foochow were berthed. It also leaked out that a conspiracy was being hatched amongst these men to kill all the foreigners on board and take charge of the vessel, and that for this purpose they had come on board in disguise, and that if they were not paid this day, they would take their backs with them. In fact, the leader of this band of pirates, who is said to have made the third trip in the transport, was daring enough to tell Captain Peterson of the *Meefoo* and tell him that he was a blue-tinted mandarin and that all his luggage, and that of the other passengers, was in the fore-hold, and that if they were not paid this day, they would take their backs with them. In fact, the leader of this band of pirates, who is said to have made the third trip in the transport, was daring enough to tell Captain Peterson of the *Meefoo* and tell him that he was a blue-tinted mandarin and that all his luggage, and that of the other passengers, was in the fore-hold, and that if they were not paid this day, they would take their backs with them.

The case was then adjourned till Thursday, when the case of fighting on the Prava West will also be tried. Bail in both cases was fixed at \$200 for each prisoner.

Says the *Statesman* of the 9th January:—Painting the lily is a proverbially supererogatory labour, only performed by persons gifted with more dullness than sense, and the same may be said of any attempt to launch into extravagant laudation of the *Meefoo* who is now in our midst. That M. Remeny is a musical genius of the very highest order, was the unanimous verdict last Tuesday evening, but if any corroborative evidence is needed it will be found in the enthusiasm of the audience that assembled on Thursday night. The house was literally packed, and the audience was as enthusiastic as they were numerous.

It was curious to watch the effect produced upon his listeners by the master. He has been singing and playing with a great deal of skill and power, and the sound of his voice is like a bell. The house was literally packed, and the audience was as enthusiastic as they were numerous.

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#### KING LUDWIG'S FAIRY CAVE.

A writer in the *Harbinger* contributes an interesting article on the palace and buildings of King Ludwig II. in the Bavarian highlands. The description given of the 'starvation grotto' in the Landerhof carries out imagination to the splendours of the 'Arabian Nights' cases. 'It is a high, spacious, stalactite cave, with many niches, and secret niches, and obscure recesses, before which you stand. From all corners, niches, and in the vast recesses, from many recesses covered with coloured glass, to right, to left, above, below—a sea of light, now yellow, now green, now violet, now red, or blue, suffusing all with an indescribable splendour. Above all this flaming beauty a rainbow arches its lovely light. The principal cave is about 15 metres in diameter and 1 metres high. From the background rushes, like liquid silver, glittering and breaking into spray, a beautiful waterfall, which falls in bubbling cascades down the face of the rock. It feeds a little pool, occupying three-quarters of the floor of the cave. The water is so hot, that the feet of the bathers are scorched. On the lake as golden shell, covered with rose ornaments, the hinder part of which enlarges into a shell. Standing on the bow of this diminutive boat in Amor, spanning his bow. Rights and left the boat is adorned with red coral. A pair of oars, whose bills are quick as knives, are rowed in the act of alighting upon the left side of the boat. Two golden oars await the appearance of the mariner. Above on the rock rests the bewitching scene; coming her golden waving locks with a golden comb. On the wall of the cave, too, the Grot



## HOW MR. NICHOLSON MISLAID THE BABY.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study door half open, and her eyes turned to the quiet figure in the armchair by the table to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid I should cry, and no one here but I. I wish I had not let Emma go out, but all you have to do is to come into the room and speaking impressively, 'all you have to do is to ring the bell violently—violently, remember—for Cook! For Heaven's sake, Cook! leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her husband's attention, 'look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad!'

"What is it about, Agatha?" The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently and the thin finger was slipped on to the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with tears, "I have been rolling down her from the cradle, and I for the last ten minutes, been begging and imploring of you to remember baby—not to nurse her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that."

"But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me, or sneer if you like. If it were my own baby I would say nothing. I would bear it all; but Emma's?"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at the waiting-table pushed the book away and laid his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? A baby? O, Emma's baby, of course."

"And not one-half, one-hundredth part, one-thousandth part, as valuable in your eyes, broke in Agatha, with impetuosity, as the smallest, the most unknown, the most unobserved star? You need not tell me, I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their size, my dear—is of infinitely more value than one half of a baby's head. I mean—hardly—speaking from the entirely scientific point of view—but as you were saying—you were saying, were you not—a little doubtfully—something about that 'fortunate babe of Emma's'?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only, once for all, John, if you call it a babe I will leave your house at once, and never, never come back; and if you call it unfortunate I shall take that hateful manuscript with me and burn it at the kitchen fire. It was yours, with Emma's name on it; it might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him; we can finish him up to-night, if you wish. If that is all, you had better go out now, while it is so, turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant and then back to his blotting paper. "You can tell me about Charles, you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about him, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives."

He rose and laid his hand on the long, slender, soft grey glove that was leaning with determination on his next manuscript. The grey glove closed round his hand gently and clung to him, almost as if it were flesh to leave the thin, worn fingers; but he paid it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke again she spoke with less decision and more pleading.

"I am not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I have put her cradle in the morning-room by the window. John, I am sure, are you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning-room, Agatha."

"Well, with a sigh of relief, 'I see you are taking it in and forgetting those horrible stars; and how you can compare a star to a baby, parenthetically, is past me. I am sure I never said it, he said, gently. 'Well, don't interrupt me. John, or I shall never go out. What was I saying? Oh, baby is in the morning-room, if she cries—makes one sound—you are to ring your bell—this bell—John—for Cook; do you understand?'

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring the bell—this bell—for Cook."

"Oh, I hope you will," after a pause. "Fancy, her eyes filling with tears again, 'if she cried and no one heard her! Oh, John, you will not deceive me! You will try—and ring!'

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely, I am not a very destitute of common humanity or common sense. I am interested in your work here, pointing to the manuscript and the books of reference heaped around him; but I suppose, after all I am human."

"O, I hope so, I think so," cried Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you might not hear her, that was my fear. I am sure, if I think, he said, with a gentle sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are quite groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am satisfied; I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No, cheerfully. 'I will take a leaf from Charles's book, the best of husbands."

"Oh—the grey glove had closed on the handle of the door, but released it again—the Paynters are coming to-night, so you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," obediently; "good-by."

"Good-by," and his writings would shiver up at her scornful gesture.

Cook turned, dramatically, and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's fearful eyes followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the centre of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," he said, "I don't mean to disrespect, Sir, but she was roaring, awful, and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit; and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be, here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and the cradle as empty as this is this minute."

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hurriedly away and walked over to the door and unlocked it, throwing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing in her pretty grey dress, with her slim hands stretched out and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are exerting your title to the best of husbands!"

He looked up in quick perplexity. "What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you."

"Oh, don't John!" she cried, impatiently; "don't tease! I want baby."

"Well—the same perplexed looked creeping over his face, and uttering its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he positively quailed. Then she arose, opened her door, with tears on her cheeks, and the sheets with their black edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking down upon the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen hair into their accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tiptoe, staring at the softly shining heap on the floor, with his patient leather shoes, as he half imagined that she had tossed the baby out among them.

"Well," he said, sharply. "Do you mean to say, Agatha, putting aside all your coquetry and speaking fearfully, whether your eyes turned up to his—'Oh, John, do you mean to say that you have lost her?'

"I never touched her," he cried hastily. "I never heard her," he would have added, but again that faint memory—that remembered face—"Upon my honour, Agatha," he said, abruptly leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honour I can't remember."

"You can't remember!" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, she roared! Cook heard her! and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study; she told me so; but oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "a woman would steal a baby, robbing as you say. She would steal a baby, surely no one in his senses would do such a thing?"

"Emma's baby?" cried Agatha, tearfully. "And that is how you speak of her! O John, dear John, think again; didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have forgotten, perhaps you have put her somewhere, and she came to sleep. Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you have put her somewhere and forgotten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window-sill and covered his face with his hands. He tried to think, but whenever he concentrated his mind on the baby he was continually conscious of that fading fancy that he could grasp—that dream of a cry, that had disturbed him, he remembered, that loud, painful, jarring cry, but it had died; surely it had died into peace without his interference? "Agatha," he said, lifting up his face, sharpened with the effect of thought, "I do remember something, somebody crying; it must have been the best of wives."

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly, "go on! You heard her! That is right. Cook says you must have heard her, she roared so. Well, and then? You—"

"I can't remember," Agatha. I may have gone to bed. No, I am not going to bed. I can't get beyond that cry. I do remember that now, distinctly."

"Perhaps," said Agatha, hopefully, "through her tears, 'you have put her somewhere in the library. What have you been doing or using this afternoon?'

Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as he went in before him, and flung open the great curtains, so that the light rushed in on his table strewn with papers and manuscript. Even then he spread out his hands, almost unconsciously, to defend his precious papers from his light, scornful touch; but she stood in the centre of the room, looking into every corner with her quick, keen eyes.

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No, peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. What else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a quick smile, "the waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is Cook," as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at sight of the sympathetic face, "your master has not seen the baby—at least, he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard her cry, and he has taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

"Which you won't never find her, then," said Cook, in a broken voice. "In my last place but one, where I was general cleaner in Mrs. All's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be, and it was never found—gypsies or not, it was never come across again."

"Oh, don't, Cook," cried Agatha, plaintively. "And Emma—coming this evening? Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing."

"Which he might," said Cook, "not being deaf. Which I don't mean to disrespect, Sir, but she was roaring, awful, and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit; and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be, here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and the cradle as empty as this is this minute."

Cook turned, dramatically, and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's fearful eyes followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the centre of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," he said, "I don't mean to disrespect, Sir, but she was roaring, awful, and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit; and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be, here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and the cradle as empty as this is this minute."

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"It's no use, John; I cannot bear it any longer. She is lost!"

She flung out her empty hands with a despairing gesture, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said Cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by a sound of merry laughter and the trampling of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening intently, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hayfield all day, and I asked them to tea. I can't see to them, I am too anxious. But the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up towards her in the darkness, over the rugs and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there for a pair of rough, sunburned hands.

"What is it, Oh, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and kissing, to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands.

"Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious, shameful look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson—that was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room, and begged her. She's been playing in the hay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes, I thought she was lost," said Agatha, gazing at the boy with a look of awe. "Well, that is good! My wash over hands for tea! I'm not so dirty, I've been holding her; but Jim's simply mad all over. Here, have you got her? It's so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dimness of stairs and passages, leaving a group in the twilight of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning and two arms with a white bundle in them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice out of the darkness. "I know you would rather not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped and laid a dark mouth on the baby's forehead.

"She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever know so much about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence, a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself up to his full height, with a view to reassuring his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said, stiffly, "I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha. "I only asked you, and you couldn't remember."

"Another time," with an evident effort, "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard."

"Another time," he said, "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emma is the least bit to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then, how about the baby?" with a laugh.

"That," said Agatha, firmly, "includes the baby."—London Society.

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